SPRING.

When I am weary and the spirit flags,
Spent with life's struggle and too dull for prayer,
One haven of delight is still mine own,
All unassailed by care.

In that dear realm the fancy wanders free,
And drinks unsullied joy at every well;
My years are lost in the eternal youth
Of thy sweet spell.

Too old for innocence, too young for rest,
My troubled spirit wanders to thy feet,
Beloved Spring!—with ever new delight,
I feel thy heart's strong beat.

For ever new the radiance of thy smile,
Thy tender waking out of sleep, how new!
All else is changing that is not yet changed,
But thou remainest true.

Breathe on my cheek for breath that Death hath stayed,
And kiss my lips for lips that are no more,
Or bring the fragrance of undying Spring
From Heaven's far shore.

And if in sunless cities' haunts I stray,
And lose thy birds and flowers, this grace still bring,—
That somewhere I may know thou art on Earth,
That some see Spring!

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

LEFT IN TRUST.

THE STORY OF A LADY AND HER LOVER.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Author of "Phœbe Junior" "The Curate in Charge" etc

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MEADOWLANDS PARTY.

[FROM ADVANCE SHEETS.]

It was a very large party—collected from all the quarters of England, or even it may be said of the globe, seeing there was a Russian princess and an American literary gentleman among the lists of the guests, as well as embracing the whole county, and everybody that had any claim to be affiliated into society there. Lady Meadowlands made a very liberal estimate of what could be called the society of the county—too liberal an estimate, many people thought. The clergy, everyone knows, must be present in force at every such function and all their belongings, down to the youngest daughter who is out; but such a rule surely ought not to apply to country practitioners, and even to the brewer at Hunston, who, though he was rich, was nobody. Upon that point almost everybody made a stand, and it is to be feared that Mrs. and Miss Brewer did not enjoy themselves at the Castle. But these were drawbacks not fully realized till afterward. The people who were aggrieved by the presence of the brewer's family were those who themselves were not very sure of their standing, and who felt that it was 'no compliment' to be asked when such persons were also acknowledged as within the mystic ring. Dr. Peacock's wife and Miss Woodhead were the ladies who felt it most; though poor Mr. Peacock himself was considered by some to be quite as great a blot. All the roads in the neighborhood of the Castle were as gay as if there had been a fair going on. The village turned out bodily to see the carriages and horses of the quality; though these fine people themselves were perhaps less admired by the rustics than the beautiful tall footmen in powder who had come from town with Lady Prayray Poule. But as every new arrival drove up the excitement rose to a high pitch; even the soberest of people are moved by the sensation of multitude, the feeling of forming part of a distinguished crowd. And the day was fine, with a sunny haze hanging about the distance, reddening the sun and giving a warm indistinctness to the sky. The grounds at Meadowlands were fine, and the park very extensive. The house was a modern and handsome house, and at some distance from it stood an old castle in ruins, which was the greatest attraction of the place. Upon the lawns a great many 'games' were going on. I have already said that I have no certainty as to whether the games were croquet or lawn tennis, not knowing or remembering when the one period ended and the other began. But they were enough in either case to supply lively groups of young persons in pretty dresses, and afford a little gentle amusement to the lookers-on, especially when those lookers-on were the parents or relations of the performers. The Mountford party held a half-way place in the hierarchy of Lady Meadowlands's guests. They were, as has been said, a very old family, though their want of wealth had for some time made them less desirable neighbors than it is pleasant for members of an old family to be. And though the girls might, as was generally said, now 'marry anybody,' and consequently rise to any distinction, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford were not the kind of people whom it would have afforded the Princess Comatosky any pleasure to have presented to her, or who would have been looked upon as fine types of the English landed gentry by Mr. Greenwood, the American. But, on the other hand, they occupied a position very different from that of the rank and file, the people who, but for their professional position, would have had no right to appear in the heaven of county society at all. And Anne and Rose being pretty, and having the hope, one of a very good fortune, the other of a reasonable dot, were really in the first rank of young ladies without any drawbacks at all. Perhaps the reader would like to know what they wore on this interesting occasion. They were not dressed alike, as sisters so often are, without regard to individuality. After very serious thought, Mrs. Worth had decided that the roses of Rose wanted subduing, and had dressed her in Tussore silk, of the warm natural grass color; while Anne, always much more easy to dress, as that artist said, was in an ivory-tinted cashmere, very plain and simple, which did all that was wanted for her slim and graceful figure. Rose had flouncelets and puffings beyond mortal power to record. Anne was better without foreign aid of ornament. I don't pretend to be so uninstructed as to require to describe a lady's dress as only of 'some soft white material.' It was cashmere, and why shouldn't one say so? For by this time a little autumn chill had set in, and even in the middle of the day it was no longer overpoweringly warm.

It is needless to say that the Ashleys were also there. These young men, though so constantly with the girls at home, had to relinquish their place a little when abroad, and especially when in more exalted company. Then it became apparent that Charley and Willie, though great friends, were not in any way of the same importance as Anne and Rose. They were not handsome, for one thing, or very clever or amusing—but only Charley and Willie Ashley, which was a title for friendship, but not for social advancement. And especially were they separate from Anne, whose climax of social advancement came when she was presented to the Princess Comatosky, who admired her eyes and her dress, the latter being a most unusual compliment. There was a fashionable party assembled in the house besides all the country people, and the Miss Mountfords were swept away into this brilliant sphere and introduced to everybody. Rose was a little abashed at first, and looked back with anxious eyes at her mother, who was seated on the edge of that higher circle, but not within it; but she soon got confidence. Anne, however, who was not so self-possessed, was excited by the fine company. Her complexion, which was generally pale, took a faint glow, her eyes became so bright that the old Russian lady grew quite enthusiastic. 'I like a handsome girl,' she said; 'bring her back once more to speak to me.' Mr. Greenwood, the American, was of the same opinion. He was not at all like the American author of twenty years ago, before we knew the species. He spoke as little through his nose as the best of us, and his manners were admirable. He was more refinedly English than an Englishman, more fastidious in his opposition to display and vulgarity, and his horror of loud tones and talk; and yet there was just a nuance of French politeness in his look and air. He was as exquisitely polite to the merest commoner as if he had been a crowned head, but at the same time it was one of the deepest certainties of his heart that he was only quite at home among people of title and in a noble house. Not any people of title: Mr. Greenwood had the finest discrimination and preferred at all times the best. But even he was pleased with Anne. 'Miss Mountford is very inexperienced,' he said, in his gentle way; 'she does not know how to drop into a conversation or to drop out of it. Perhaps that is too fine an art to learn at twenty; but she is more like a lady than anyone else I see here.' Lady Meadowlands, like most of the fashionable world, had a great respect for Mr. Greenwood's opinion. 'That is so much from you!' she said, gratefully; 'and if you give her the advantage of seeing a little of you it will do dear Anne the greatest good.' Mr. Greenwood shook his head modestly, deprecating the possibility of conferring so much advantage, but he felt in his heart that it was true.

Thus Anne, for the first time in her life, had what may be called a veritable *succès*. We may, perhaps, consider the word naturalized by this time and call it a success. There was a certain expansion and brightening of all her faculties consequent upon the new step she had taken in life, of which no one had been conscious before, and the state of opposition in which she found herself to her family had given her just as much emancipation as became her, and gave force to all her attractions. She was not beautiful, perhaps, nor would she have satisfied a critical examination; but both her face and figure had a certain nobility of line which impressed the spectator. Tall and light, and straight and strong, with nothing feeble or drooping about her, the girlish shyness to which she had been subject was not becoming to Anne. Rose, who was not shy, might have drooped her head as much as she pleased, but it did not suit her sister. And the fact that she had judged for herself, had chosen her own path and made up her own mind, and more or less defied Fate and her father, had given just the inspiration it wanted to her face. She was shy still, which gave her a light and shade, an occasional gleam of timidity and alarm, which pleased the imagination. 'I told you Anne Mountford would come out if she had the chance,' Lady Meadowlands said to her lord. 'What is this nonsense I hear about an engagement? Is there an engagement? What folly! before she has seen anybody or had any chance, as you say,' said Lord Meadowlands to his lady. They were interested in Anne, and she was beyond question the girl who did them most credit of all their country neighbors, which also told for something in its way.

The Rev. Charles Ashley in his most correct clerical coat, and a general starch of propriety about him altogether unlike the ease of his ordinary appearance, looked on from afar at this brilliant spectacle, but had not much share in it. Had there been anybody there who could have been specially of use to Charley—the new bishop for instance, who did not yet know his clergy, or the patron of a good living, or an official concerned with the Crown patronage, anyone who could have lent him a helping hand in his profession—no doubt Lady Meadowlands would have taken care to introduce the curate and speak a good word for him. But there being nobody of the kind present, Charley was left with the mob to get up a game on his own account and amuse the young ladies who were unimportant, who made up the mass of the assembly. And the young Ashleys both accepted this natural post, and paid such harmless attentions as were natural to the wives and daughters of other clergymen and the other people whom they knew. They had no desire to be introduced to the Princess, or the other great persons who kept together, not knowing the county. But, while Willie threw himself with zeal into the amusements and the company provided, the curate kept his eyes upon the one figure, always at a distance, which was the chief point of interest for him.

'I want to speak to Anne,' he said to Rose, who was less inaccessible, who had not had so great a success; 'if you see Anne, will you tell her I want to speak to her?'

'Anne, Charley wants to speak to you,' Rose said, as soon as she had an opportunity, in the hearing of everybody; and Anne turned and nodded with friendly assent over the chairs of the old ladies. But she did not make any haste to ask what he wanted. She took it with great ease, as not calling for any special attention. There would be abundant opportunities of hearing what Charley had to say. On the way home she could ask him what he wanted; or while they were waiting for the carriage; or even to-morrow, when he was sure to come to talk over the party, would no doubt be time enough. It would be something about the schools, or some girl or boy who wanted a place, or some old woman who was ill. 'Anne, Charley says he *must* speak to you,' said Rose again. But it was not till she had received a third message that Anne really gave any attention to the call. 'Cannot he tell you what he wants? I will come as soon as I can,' she said. Perhaps the curate was not so much distressed as he thought he was by her inattention. He watched her from a distance with his hands in his pockets. When he was accosted by other clergymen and country friends who were wandering about he replied to them, and even carried on little conversations, with his eyes upon her. Something grim and humorous, a kind of tender spitefulness, was in the look with which he regarded her. If she only knew! But it was her own fault if she did not know, not his. It gave him a kind of pleasure to see how she lingered, to perceive that her mind was fully occupied, and that she never divined the nature of his business with her. So far as his own action went he had done his duty, but he could not help a half chuckle, quickly suppressed, when he imagined within himself how Douglas would look if he saw how impossible it was to gain Anne's attention. Did that mean, he asked in spite of himself, that after all she was not so much interested? Charley had felt sure that at the first word Anne would divine. 'I should divine if a note of hers was on its way to me,' he said to himself—and it pleased him that she never guessed that a letter from Cosmo was lying safe in the recesses of his pocket. When she came hastily toward him at last, a little breathless and hurried, and with only a moment to spare, there was no consciousness in Anne's face.

'What is it?' she said; before the Woodheads! She would have said it before anybody, so entirely unsuspicious was she. 'I must go back to the old lady,' she added, with a little blush and smile, pleased in spite of herself by the distinction; 'but Rose told me you wanted me. Tell me what it is.'

He made elaborate signs to her with his eyebrows, and motions recommending precaution with his lips, confounding Anne completely. For poor Charley had heavy eyebrows and thick lips, and his gestures were not graceful. She stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, and then, amused as well as bewildered, laughed. He enjoyed it all, though he pretended to be disconcerted. She looked as bright as ever, he said to himself. There was no appearance of trouble about her, or of longing uncertainty. She laughed just as of old, with the pleasant ring in the laughter which had always pleased him. The temptation crossed the curate's mind, as she did not seem to want it, as she looked so much like her old self, as she showed no perception of what he had for her, to put the letter down a little deeper in his pocket and not disturb her calm at all.

'Oh, yes,' he said, as if he had suddenly recollected, 'it was something I wanted to show you. Come down this path a little. You seem to be enjoying the party, Anne.'

'Yes, well enough. It is pretty,' she said, glancing over the pretty lawns covered with gayly dressed groups. 'Are you not enjoying yourself? I am so sorry. But you know everybody, or almost everybody, here.'

'Except your grand people,' he said, with some malice.

'My grand people! They are all nice whether they are grand or not, and the old lady is very funny. She has all kinds of strange old ornaments and crosses and charms mixed together. What is it, Charley? you are looking so serious, and I must go back as soon as I am able. Tell me what it is.'

'Can't you divine what it is?' he said, with an air half reproachful, half triumphant.

She looked at him astonished; and then, suddenly taking fire from his look, her face kindled into color and expectation and wondering eagerness. Poor curate! he had been pleased with her slowness to perceive, but he was not so pleased now when her whole countenance lighted under his eyes. He in his own person could never have brought any such light into her face. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then stood eager, facing him, with the words arrested on her very lips.

'Is it some message from ——' She paused, and a wave of scarlet came over her face up to her hair. Poor Charley Ashley! There was no want of the power to divine now. His little pleasant spitefulness, and his elation over what he considered her indifference, died in the twinkling of an eye.

'It is more than a message,' he said, thinking what an ass he was to doubt her, and what a traitor to be delighted by that doubt. 'It is—a letter, Anne.'

She did not say anything—the color grew deeper and deeper upon her face, the breath came quickly from her parted lips, and without a word she put out her hand.

Yes, of course, that was all—to give it her, and be done with it—what had he to do more with the incident? No honorable man would have wished to know more. To give it to her and to withdraw. It was nothing to him what was in the letter. He had no right to criticise. In the little bitterness which this feeling produced in him he wanted to say what, indeed, he had felt all along; that though he did not mind once, it would not suit his office to be the channel through which their communications were to flow. He wanted to say this now, whereas before he had only felt that he ought to say it; but in either case, under the look of Anne's eyes, poor Charley could not say it. He put his hand in his pocket to get the letter, and of course he forgot in which pocket he had put it, and then became red and confused, as was natural. Anne, for her part, did not change her attitude. She stood with that look of sudden eagerness in her face—a blush that went away leaving her quite pale, and then came back again—and her hand held out for the letter. How hot, how wretched he got, as he plunged into one pocket after another, with her eyes looking him through. 'Anne,' he stammered, when he found it at last, 'I beg your pardon—I am very glad—to be of—any use. I like to do anything, anything for you! but—I am a clergyman—'

'Oh, go away—please go away,' said Anne. She had evidently paid no attention to what he said. She put him away even, unconsciously, with her hand. 'Don't let anyone come,' she said, walking away from him round the next corner of the path. Then he heard her tear open the envelope. She had not paid any attention to his offer of service, but she had made use of it all the same, taking it for granted. The curate turned his back to her and walked a few steps in the other direction. She had told him not to let anyone come, and he would not let anyone come. He would have walked any intruders backward out of the sacred seclusion. Yet there he stood dumbfoundered, wounded, wondering why it was that Cosmo should have so much power and he so little. Cosmo got everything he wanted. To think that Anne's face should change like that at his mere name, nay, at the merest suggestion of him!—it was wonderful. But it was hard too.

Anne's heart was in her mouth as she read the letter. She did not take time to think about it, nor how it came there, nor of any unsuitableness in the way it reached her. It was to ask how they were to correspond, whether he was to be permitted to write to her. 'I cannot think why we did not settle this before I left,' Cosmo said; 'I suppose the going away looked so like dying that nothing beyond it, except coming back again, seemed any alleviation.' But this object of the letter did not strike Anne at first. She was unconscious of everything except the letter itself, and those words which she had never seen on paper in handwriting before. She had read something like it in books. Nothing but books could be the parallel of what was happening to her. 'My dear and only love,' that was in a poem somewhere Anne was certain, but Cosmo did not quote it out of any poem. It was the natural language; that was how she was to be addressed now, like Juliet. She had come to that state and dignity all at once, in a moment, without any doing of hers. She stood alone, unseen, behind the great tuft of bushes, while the curate kept watch lest anyone should come to disturb her, and all the old people sat round unseen, chatting and eating ices, while the young ones fluttered about the lawns. Nobody suspected with what a sudden, intense, and wondering perception of all the emotions she had fallen heir to, she stood under the shadow of the rhododendrons reading her letter; and nobody knew with what a sore but faithful heart the curate stood, turning his back to her, and protected her seclusion. It was a scene that was laughable, comical, pathetic, but pathetic more than all.

This incident colored the whole scene to Anne, and gave it its character. She had almost forgotten the very existence of the old Princess when she went back. 'Bring me that girl,' the old lady said, in her excellent English, 'bring me back that girl. She is the one I prefer. All the others they are demoiselles, but this is a woman.' But when Anne was brought back at last the keen old lady saw the difference at once. 'Something has happened,' she said: 'what has happened, my all-beautiful? Someone has been making you a proposal of marriage. That comes of your English customs, which you approve so much. To me it is intolerable: imagine a man having the position in society to startle his child with an emotion like that.' She pronounced emotion, and all similar words, as if they had been in the French language. Anne protested vainly that no such emotion had fallen to her share. Mr. Greenwood agreed with the Princess, though he did not express himself so frankly. Could it be the curate? he thought, elevating his eyebrows. He was a man of experience, and knew how the most unlikely being is sometimes gifted to produce such emotion in the fairest bosom.

CHAPTER IX.—COSMO.

It is time to let the reader of this story know who Cosmo Douglas was, whose appearance had made so great a commotion at Mount. He was—nobody. This was a fact that Mr. Mountford had very soon elicited by his inquiries. He did not belong to any known house of Douglases under the sun. It may be said that there was something fair in Cosmo's frank confession on this point, but perhaps it would be more true to say that it showed the good sense which certainly was one of his characteristics; for any delusion that he might have encouraged or consented to in this respect must have been found out very shortly, and it would only have been to his discredit to claim good connections which did not belong to him. Honesty is the best policy he had said to himself, and therefore he had been honest. Nevertheless it was a standing mystery to Cosmo that he was nobody. He could not understand it. It had been a trouble to him all his life. How was he inferior to the other people who had good connections? He had received the same kind of education, he had the same kind of habits, he was as much a 'gentleman,' that curious English distinction which means everything and nothing, as any of them. He did not even feel within himself the healthy thrill of opposition with which the lowly born sometimes scorn the supposed superiority of blue blood. He for his part had something in his heart which entirely coincided with that superstition. Instinctively he preferred for himself that his friends should be well born. He had as natural a predilection that way as if his shield held ever so many quarterings. As for that shield Cosmo was not very clear what it was. In his boyhood he had accepted the crest which his father wore at his watch-chain, and has stamped upon his spoons and forks, with undoubting faith, as if it had descended straight from the Crusaders; and when he had read of the 'dark gray man' in early Scotch history, and of that Lord James who carried Bruce's heart to the Holy Land, there was a swell of pride within him, and he had no doubt that they were his ancestors. But as he grew older it dawned upon Cosmo that his father had assumed the bleeding heart because he found it represented in the old book of heraldry as the cognizance of the Douglases, and not because he had any hereditary right to it—and, indeed, the fact was that good Mr. Douglas knew no better. He thought in all simplicity that his name entitled him to the symbol which was connected with the name, and that all those great people so far off from the present day were 'no doubt' his ancestors, though it was too far back to be able to tell.

Mr. Douglas himself was a man of the highest respectability. He was the managing clerk in a solicitor's office with a good salary, and the entire confidence of his employers. Perhaps he might even have been a partner had he been of a bolder temper; but he was afraid of responsibility, and had no desire, he said, to assume a different position, or rise in the social scale. That would be for Cosmo, he added, within himself. He had lost his wife at a very early period, when Cosmo was still a child, and upon the boy all his father's hopes were built. He gave him 'every advantage.' For himself he lived very quietly in a house with a garden out at Hampstead way, a small house capable of being managed by one respectable woman-servant, who had been with him for years, and a young girl under her, or sometimes a boy, when she could be persuaded to put up with one of these more objectionable creatures. But Cosmo had everything that was supposed to be best for an English young man. He was at Westminster School, and so received into the fraternity of 'public school men,' which is a distinct class in England; and then he went to the University. When he took his degree he studied for the bar. Both at Oxford and Lincoln's Inn he was 'in for' all his examinations in company with the son of his father's employer; but it was Cosmo who was the most promising student always, and the most popular man. He had the air and the bearing, the '*je ne scais quoi*' which is supposed to indicate 'family,' though he was of no family. Nothing was ever more perplexing. He could not understand it himself. What was it that made this wonderful difference? When he looked at Charley Ashley a smile would sometimes steal over his countenance. In that point of view the prejudice certainly showed its full absurdity. Charley was his retainer, his faithful follower—his dog, in a way. But Mr. Mountford, though he would probably have thought Charley not a suitable match for his daughter, would not have looked upon him with the same puzzled air as on a creature of a different species, with which he regarded the suitor who was nobody. When this contrast struck him, no doubt, he smiled with a little bitterness. Charley had his connections among the little squires of the district. He had an uncle here and there whose name was in some undistinguished list or other—the 'Gentry of Great Britain' or some other such bead-roll. But Cosmo had no link at all to the classes who consider themselves the natural masters of the world.

If you will think of it, it was as troublesome and unpleasant a position as could be conceived—to have all that makes a gentleman and to be a gentleman, fully considered and received as such, yet upon close investigation to be found to be nobody, and have all your other qualities ignored in consequence. It was hard—it was a complicated, perplexing grievance, such as could only occur in the most artificial state of society. In the middle ages, if a man 'rose,' it was by dint of hard blows, and people were afraid of him. But 'rising in the world' had a very different meaning in Cosmo's case. He had always known what it was to be carefully tended, daintily fed, clothed with the best of clothes—as well as a duke's son need have been. He had all the books to read which any duke's son could have set his face to; and though the Hampstead rooms were small, and might have looked poky had there been a family cooped up in them, Cosmo and his father had felt no want of space nor of comfort. Even that little Hampstead house was now a thing of the past. Mr. Douglas had died, though still not much beyond middle age, and Cosmo had his chambers, like any other young barrister, and several clubs, and all the 'advantages' which his father had sworn he should have. He had a little money, and a little practice, and was 'getting on.' If he was not in fashionable society, he was yet in an excellent 'set'—rising barristers, literary people, all rising too, people of reputation, people who suppose themselves to sway the world, and who certainly direct a great deal of its public talk, and carry a large silent background of its population with them. He was very well thought of among this class, went out a great deal into society, knew a great many people whom it is supposed something to know—and yet he was nobody. The merest clown could have confused him at any time by asking 'Which is your county, Douglas?' Poor Cosmo had no county. He took the deficiency admirably, it is needless to say, and never shirked the truth when there was any need to tell it; but yet his friends knew well enough that he had no relations to give him shooting, or ask him during the hunting season; no district had any claim upon him nor he upon it. A man may love his home when it has never been anywhere but in Hampstead. But it makes a great difference—even when his friends make up the deficiencies of family to him, and invite him, as he had this year been invited, to share the delights of a Scotch moor—still it makes a great difference. And when it is a matter of matrimony, and of producing his proofs of gentility, and of being a fit person to marry Anne Mountford, then the difference shows most of all.

When Cosmo attained that perfect freedom from all ties, and power of roaming wherever he pleased, without any clog to draw him back, which was involved in his father's death (though it may be said for him that this was an event which he deeply regretted) he made up his mind that he would not marry, at least until he had reached sufficient distinction in his profession to make him somebody, quite independent of connections. But then he had not seen Anne Mountford. With her, without any secondary motives, he had fallen honestly and heartily in love, a love which he would, however, have managed to quench and get the better of, had it not turned out upon inquiry that Anne was one whom it was entirely permissible to love, and who could help him, not hold him back, in the career of success. He had, however, many discussions with himself before he permitted himself to indulge his inclinations. He had felt that with people like the Mountfords the fact that he was nobody would tell with double power; and, indeed, if he had ever been tempted to invent a family of Douglases of Somewhere-or-other, it was now. He had almost been led into doing this. He had even half prepared a little romance, which, no doubt Mr. Mountford, he thought, would have swallowed, of a ruined house, dwindled away to its last representative, which had lost lands and even name in one of the rebellions. He had not chosen which rebellion, but he had made up the story otherwise with great enjoyment and a fine sense of its fitness; when that modern quality which for want of a better name we call a sense of honor stopped him. For a man of his time, a man of his enlightened opinions, a member of a liberal profession, a high-bred (if not high-born) Englishman to seek importance from a silly little school-girl romance was too absurd. He could not do it. He laughed aloud at himself with a little flush of shame on his countenance, and tossed away the fiction. But what a thing it would have been for Cosmo if the tumble-down old house which he had invented and the bit of schoolgirl fiction had been true! They became almost such to him, so strongly did he feel that they would exactly fit his case. 'They would have been as stupid probably as—Mr. Mountford,' Cosmo said to himself, 'and pig-headed into the bargain, or they never would have thrown away everything for a gingerbread adventurer like Prince Charley—rude Lowland rustics talking broad Scotch not even endowed with the mystery of Gaelic. But to be sure I might have made them Celts, and the Lord of Mount would not have been a whit the wiser. I think I can see a snuffy old laird in a blue bonnet and a lumbering young lout scratching his red head. And these be your gods, oh Israel! I don't think I should have been much the better of such ancestors.' But nevertheless he felt in his heart that he would have been much the better for them. Other men might despise them, but Cosmo would have liked to believe in those Douglases who had never existed. However, though he had invented them, he could not make use of them. It would have been too absurd. He laughed and reddened a little, and let them drop; and with a perfectly open and composed countenance informed Mr. Mountford that he was nobody and sprang from no known Douglases at all. It was a kind of heroism in its way, the heroism of good sense, the influence of that wholesome horror of the ridiculous which is one of the strongest agencies of modern life.

After the interview with Mr. Mountford, and after the still greater shock of Anne's intimation that her father would not yield, Cosmo's mind had been much exercised, and there had been a moment in which he had not known what to do or say. Marriage without pecuniary advantage was impossible to him—he could not, he dared not, think of it. It meant downfall of every kind, and a narrowing of all the possibilities of life. It would be ruin to him and also to the girl who should be his wife. It would be impossible for him to keep her in the position she belonged to, and he would have to relinquish the position which belonged to him—two things not for a moment to be thought of. The only thing possible, evidently, was to wait. He was in love, but he was not anxious to marry at once. In any case it would be expedient to defer that event; and the old man might die—nay, most likely would die—and would not certainly change his will if all things were kept quiet and no demonstration made. He left Mount full of suppressed excitement, yet glad to be able to withdraw; to go away without compromising anything, without being called upon to confront or defy the harsh parent, or do anything to commit himself. If Anne but held her tongue, there was no reason why Mr Mountford might not suppose that she had given Cosmo up, and Cosmo was rather pleased than otherwise with the idea that she might do so. He wanted no sentimental passion; no sacrifice of everything for his sake. All for love and the world well lost, was not in the least a sentiment which commended itself to him. He would have much preferred that she had dissembled altogether, and put on an appearance of obeying her father; but this was a thing that he could not recommend her to do, any more than he could proclaim his invented story of the ruined Douglases. The fashion of his age and his kind and his education was so against lying that it could be practised only individually, so to speak, and as it were accidentally. You might be betrayed into it by the emergency of a moment, but you could not, unless you were very sure indeed of your ground and your coadjutor, venture to suggest falsehood. The thing could not be done. This, however, was what he would have thought the safest thing—that all should fall back into its usual state; that Anne should go on as if she were still simply Anne, without any difference in her life; and that, except for the firm but concealed bond between them, which should be avowed on the first possible occasion, but never made any display of while things were not ripe, everything should be exactly as before. This was perfectly fair in love, according to all known examples and rules. Something like it had happened in the majority of similar cases, and indeed, Cosmo said to himself with a half smile, a lover might feel himself little flattered for whom such a sacrifice would not be made. But all the same he could not suggest it. He could not say to Anne: 'Tell a lie for me—persuade your father that all is over between us, though it is not all over between us and never shall be till death parts us.' A young man of the nineteenth century, brought up at a public school and university, a member of the bar, and in very good society, could not say that. It would have been an anachronism. He might wish it, and did do so fervently; but to put it in words was impossible.

It was with this view, however, that Cosmo had omitted all mention of correspondence in his last interviews with Anne. They were full of so much that was novel and exciting to her that she did not notice the omission, nor in the hurry and rush of new sensations in her mind had she that eager longing for a letter which most girls would have felt on parting with their lovers. She had no habit of letters. She had never been at school or made any friendships of the kind that need to be solaced by continual outpourings upon paper. Almost all her intimates were about her, seeing her often, not standing in need of correspondence. She had not even said in the hurry of parting: 'You will write.' Perhaps she saw it like himself, but like himself was unwilling to propose the absolute concealment which was desirable. Cosmo's mind had been full of nothing else on his way to Scotland to his friend's moor. He had thought of her half the time, and the other half of the time he had thought how to manage, how to secure her without injuring her (which was how he put it); the long night's journey was made short to him by these thoughts. He did not sleep, and he did not want to sleep; the darkness of the world through which he was rushing, the jumble of perpetual sound, which made a sort of atmosphere about him, was as a hermitage to Cosmo, as it has been to many before him. Railway trains, indeed, are hermitages in life for the much-pondering and careworn sons of the present age. There they can shut themselves up and think at will. He turned it all over and over in his mind. No wild notion—such as had moved the inexperienced mind of Anne with a thrill of delightful impulse—of rushing back to work and instantly beginning the toil which was to win her, occurred to Anne's lover. To be sure it was the long vacation, which is a thing girls do not take into account, and Cosmo would have smiled at the notion of giving up his shooting and going back to his chambers out of the mere sentiment of losing no time, which probably would have appeared to Anne a heroic and delightful idea; but he did what Anne would not have done; he went into the whole question, all the pros and cons, and weighed them carefully. He had a long journey, far up into the wilds, by the Highland railway. Morning brought him into the land of hills and rivers, and noon to the bleaker mountains and glens, wealthy only in grouse and deer. He did nothing but think it over in the night and through the day. Nevertheless, Cosmo, when he reached Glentuan, was as little worn out as it becomes an experienced young Englishman to be after a long journey. He was quite fresh for dinner after he had performed the customary rites. He was quite ready to take his part in all the conversation and help in the general amusement.

'Douglas—which of the Douglases does he belong to?' one of the guests asked after he had withdrawn.

'I've always known him as Douglas of Trinity,' said the host.

'Trinity, Trinity,' answered the other, who was a local personage, thinking of nothing but territorial designation, 'I never heard of any Douglases of Trinity. Do you mean the place near Edinburgh where all the seaside villas are?'

'He means Cambridge,' said another, laughing.

'Douglas is the best fellow in the world, but he is—nobody; at least so I've always heard.'

Cosmo did not overhear this conversation, but he knew that it had taken place as well as if he had heard it; not that it did him the least harm with his comrades of the moment, to whom he was a very nice fellow, a capital companion, thoroughly acquainted with all the habits and customs of their kind, and though no great shot, yet good enough for all that was necessary, good enough to enjoy the sport, which nobody who is awkward and really ignorant can do. But he knew that one time or other this little conversation would take place, and though he felt that he might do himself the credit to say that he had no false shame nor attached any exaggerated importance to the subject, still it was no doubt of more importance to him than it was to those with whom it was only one out of many subjects of a casual conversation. All the same, however, even these casual talkers did not forget it. Strange superstition, strangest folly, he might well say to himself with such a smile as was possible in the circumstances. Douglas of Trinity—Douglas of Lincoln's Inn meant something—but to be one of the Douglases of some dilapidated old house, what did that mean? This question, however, had nothing to do with the matter, and the smile had not much pleasantness in it, as may easily be perceived.

(To be Continued next Sunday.)

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

From The London News.

Down the steep road came old and young men, laden with such of their household goods as they had saved, chiefly bedding. Their woebegone faces showed traces of a night spent in tears. Then came a little hand-cart, filled with dusty and tumbled clothes, from under which protruded a pair of booted feet, telling of the sad burden there hidden. Opposite ruined houses were encamped their occupants, or in the orchards and gardens you saw improvised tents. On the roadside was a bed made on the ground, and tented over with shawls and other garments as warmly as possible, for beneath lay sick persons. Groups of young girls wandered about, weeping; but all the people were very quiet and as if stunned, and only when some sad burden was carried past did their voices rise in lamentable exclamations. Before we reached the Piazza we came upon a group of houses fallen in one heap of ruin across the street, so that we had to climb over a hill of rubbish. Here the soldiers were at work digging. Alas! they could hope to find no living person under those crushing masses of masonry.

In the Piazza two men sat on the doorstep of their house, their arms folded on their knees, their heads bent down in a dumb despair, terrible to see. A woman, weeping, told me that the wife and mother lay buried in the ruins of the house behind them. In the middle of the Piazza sat an officer taking notes of the most destitute cases. A poor, ragged woman, flushed with crying, was telling her sad story, and a group of silent and sympathizing listeners stood close around. The silence in the usually voluble Italians was very impressive. Soldiers were being ordered off in parties to various points to excavate. Then two boards were carried past. On them were the flattened and dust-covered forms of a woman and a little girl, just dug out. Three or four men passed me carrying and supporting in a chair an elderly woman with crushed and bound-up face. She was speaking, and her bearers tenderly told her not to be afraid. This was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The earthquake had happened at exactly five minutes past 1 on the day before, as the great clock of Casamacciola, which had stopped, proved. The poor woman had therefore lain buried alive twenty-six hours, with what agony of mind and body through the long dark night and following morning one can happily scarcely imagine.

HOME INTERESTS.

EARLY ADVENT OF FRESH MACKEREL.

THE FIRST CATCH IN THE MARKET—OTHER SPRING FISH TO BE LOOKED FOR—AN ABUNDANCE OF SOUTHERN FRUIT—SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKET.

The fish dealers report fresh mackerel. Their advent will be hailed with joy by all rigid Lent observers. It is very early in the season for any spring fish, but after the appearance of mackerel we may expect many more of the cheaper fish. Porgies and pan-fish of all descriptions will probably soon be coming into market. The mackerel now in market will sell at 15 and 30 cents apiece, according to size. There is not a very large supply of striped bass. Those which are to be found in the market come from the Delaware. They are worth from 20 to 25 cents per pound; smelts, not plentiful, selling at 18 cents per pound; Canada smelts, 12 cents; bluefish, refrigerated, 12½ cents per pound; salmon, refrigerated, 35 cents per pound. Oddly enough, the refrigerated mackerel began to give out just as the fresh mackerel made their appearance; they are quoted at 12½ cents, but there are very few to be found. Shad from the Potomac, 20 cents per pound for roes and 18 cents for males; white perch 15 to 20 cents per pound; Spanish mackerel, refrigerated, 35 cents; green turtle, 18 cents per pound; terrapin, $36 per dozen. There are some small poor terrapin in market for $12 per dozen; halibut from 15 to 20 cents per pound; haddock, 8 cents; codfish, 8 cents; blackfish, 15 cents; flounders, 10 cents; sea bass, 18 cents per pound; eels, 18 cents; lobsters are scarce and very small for 15 cents per pound; sheepshead, 25 cents; scollops, per quart, 40 cents, $1 50 per gallon; soft clams from 40 cents to $1 per hundred.

The fresh-water fish in market are: whitefish, at 18 cents per pound; pickerel, 15 cents; yellow perch, 12 cents; salmon trout, 16 cents; blackbass, 18 cents per pound; yellow pike, 15 cents; ciscoes, 12 cents; muscalonge, 18 cents per pound; red snappers, from 12 to 18 cents per pound; shrimps, $2 per gallon. Smoked herring are 2½ cents apiece; smoked haddock, 12 cents per pound; smoked salmon, 20 cents; smoked mackerel, 15 cents; dry cod, 8 cents per pound. Hard crabs are from $3 to $5 per hundred.

In the vegetable market asparagus is still found in light supply. It comes from Charleston, and is as yet very dear, selling from $1 20 to $1 35 per bunch; at wholesale asparagus sells at $10 per dozen bunches. Green peas from Florida are from $1 25 to $1 50 per half peck; Southern kale per half peck, 25 cents; spinach from Virginia, 30 and 35 cents per half peck; tomatoes from the West Indies and Florida, 40 cents per quart; beets from Bermuda, 60 cents per dozen; hothouse cucumbers, according to size, 20 to 75 cents apiece; hothouse radishes, 8 cents per bunch; hothouse lettuce from 10 to 15 cents per head; watercress, 20 cents per quart; mushrooms, $1 50 per pound; Bermuda potatoes 60 cents per half peck; rhubarb 10 cents per bunch. Last year's vegetables are selling as follows: Irish potatoes per half peck 25 cents; sweet potatoes 25 cents per half peck; turnips 20 cents per half peck; carrots from 15 to 20 cents per dozen; parsnips from 20 to 25 cents per dozen; beets 20 cents per half peck; cabbages from 10 to 15 cents per head; squash from 10 to 25 cents a piece; red onions 10 cents per quart; white onions 15 cents per quart; oyster plant from 14 to 16 cents per bunch; celery very poor, from 15 to 20 cents per bunch; Jerusalem artichokes 15 cents per quart; sorrel 15 cents per quart; Brussels sprouts 35 cents per quart; French chiccory for salads 15 cents per bunch; dandelion 15 cents.

Eggs are in full supply and sell generally uptown as many as 12 or 14 for 25 cents; fresh eggs from New-Jersey and Long Island are more expensive, selling at 35 cents per dozen; good butter is worth from 35 to 40 cents per pound.

The supply of Southern fruit in market is abundant, and oranges are hawked about the streets outside of the markets as low as 30 for 25 cents. In the markets oranges sell from 30 cents to $1 per dozen; bananas are 30 and 40 cents per dozen; Catawba grapes from 30 to 40 cents per 3 pound box; Malaga grapes from 25 to 30 cents per pound; strawberries $1 25 per quart, so called; sour sop 20 cents; neesberries 50 cents per dozen; custard apple 15 cents apiece; yams 10 cents per pound; shaddocks $1 50 per dozen; grape fruit 75 cents per dozen.

The prices of poultry in market run as follows: Chickens, 20 cents per pound; turkeys, 20 cents; mongrel ducks, 25 cents; geese, from 18 to 20 cents; fowl, 18 cents; English snipe, fresh killed, sell at $4 50 per dozen; squab are $6 per dozen, teal duck, 75 cents per pair; mallards, $1 25 per pair; pigeons, $3 per dozen; small birds, 75 cents per dozen. There has been no change of importance in the general prices of staple groceries.

MENU.
Oyster Soup.
Roast beef. New Potatoes. Stewed Mushrooms. Cranberry Jelly.
Baked Sweetbreads.
Salad—Lettuce. French Dressing.
Cheese Fritters.
Indian Pudding Steamed.
Fruit.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

DELICIOUS INDIAN PUDDING, STEAMED.—Put a quart of milk over the fire in a double kettle, and when it boils add to it one teacup of yellow meal dissolved in a little cold milk. (This cold milk may be taken from the quart before it is put over the fire.) Let the milk and meal boil together well for a full hour. Then take it off the fire, pour into a large bowl and let it get perfectly cold. Then add three or four well-beaten eggs, a half pound of suet finely chopped, one teaspoon of powdered cinnamon, a half cup of stoned raisins, one teaspoon of Royal baking powder and a little salt. Mix and beat well together. Grease well a tin mould, cover tightly, and steam in a kettle of boiling water from two to three hours. A tin lard pail with a good cover is an excellent thing to boil the pudding in. It is a delicious pudding. It must be eaten with the liquid wine sauce, directions for which were lately given in this column.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—This pudding is made exactly like the above, except that the suet is omitted and a half cup of molasses is added. Bake two hours in a slow oven, setting the dish on a slide so that the bottom will not burn, and keeping the top covered so that no crust will form.

AFTERNOON TEA.—Mrs. V. B. can give her guests a simple or an elaborate entertainment as she prefers—both are in fashion. A cup of bouillon (*Anglice*, beef tea) or of chocolate diversifies the inevitable tea. With these may be added the thinnest of wafers, the daintiest of tiny game sandwiches, and the crispest of maccaroons. Or V. B. may provide a flower-strewn table with fried oysters, chicken or turkey croquettes (made after the excellent recipe given in TRIBUNE EXTRA No. 64), chicken salad, ices and cakes. But an afternoon tea like this, though it is often seen in New-York, would seem unreasonable to the London people who originated the custom of these teas, and who cling to the simple fare first mentioned. The hostess ought to remember that the cup of tea should be burning hot, and the cream should be really cream.

ORANGE JELLY.—G. will find "the recipe for delightful orange jelly" she mentions in TRIBUNE EXTRA No. 64, called "Sunday Dinners."

BAKED SWEETBREADS.—Let your sweetbreads lie in warm water for an hour; then put them into boiling water and let them cook gently for ten minutes. Take them out and drain them; beat up an egg and dip each sweetbread into it, then into bread-crumbs; repeat this. Then sprinkle them lightly with a little butter melted over the fire; put them into a moderate oven and bake them nearly an hour. Delicately toast some nice slices of bread; dip them into boiling water in which a little butter has been melted; place each sweetbread on a slice of the toast and pour around them a nice brown gravy.

CHEESE FRITTERS.—Put about a pint of water into a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg, the least bit of cayenne and plenty of black pepper. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then take it off the fire and work into it about a quarter of a pound of grated Parmesan cheese, and then the yolks of three or four eggs, and the whites of two beaten up to a froth. Let the paste rest for a couple of hours, and proceed to fry by dropping pieces of it the size of a walnut into plenty of hot lard. Serve sprinkled with very fine salt.

LIGHT POT-PIE.—One pint of sour milk or buttermilk, one teacup of sour cream, and one teaspoon of soda; add flour and mix hard, like bread, and let it stand one hour to rise. Never roll or cut it, but nip it off in pieces of the size you wish; boil thirty minutes, and you will always have it as light as a puff. Almost any kind of fresh meat will make good pot-pie, though chicken, beef, and veal are preferable. Prepare the meat the same as for baked chicken pie; drop one thickness of the crust all around the top of the pot. Let the pot be uncovered the first fifteen minutes, then cover it and boil fifteen minutes longer. Be sure that it does not stop boiling from the time the crust is put in until you take it up; bring it to the table immediately.

THE BOSTON PORTIAS.

Boston Letter to Columbus Dispatch.

There was a little ripple of unwonted life during a hearing before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts this morning. Four of our seven Supreme Justices were on the bench; a few lawyers were within the bar; possibly half a dozen other people were in the Court, and some dull question of law was dragging its slow length through the sleepy hours, when on a sudden the door swung lightly back on its hinges, and a young lady tripped into the court-room. Behind her came another; then a third and a fourth, something after the fashion that the sisters, cousins and aunts come tripping on to the stage in the wake of the ruler of the Queen's Navee. They were pretty young ladies, and they filed in, each with a bag in her hand, took seats on a settee, drew forth from the bag each her notebook, and composedly began taking notes. The Court smiled; Chief-Justice Gray—the conservative, hard-headed and flinty-hearted old bachelor whose decisions on some knotty points are calling forth stares of astonishment from the courts of sister States—broadened his smile into a broad grin, while only our newly appointed Judge Field remembered his recently acquired dignity sufficiently to keep his face straight. But the ladies weren't at all troubled, but went serenely on with their notes and observations.

My friend mentioned that he had seen one of the ladies—the one who acted as "first cousin" and led the bevy—very frequently in the different court-rooms, and he had heard that she was studying law. From various words that I have caught here and there during the past few years, I think there must be several ladies in Boston who are more or less interested in the subject, and I am inclined to think that were anyone to make a start and agitate the question of the admissibility of women to the bar here, there would be several applications for admission within a very short time were the bars once let down—no pun intended. The question has never yet been raised in Massachusetts, I understand. But although the general opinion with the older lawyers seems to be that such a question if raised, would be very quickly and finally reduced to nothingness, the younger generation of the legal profession seem to hold rather a different view. One young lady friend of mine who is married to a very bright, rising young lawyer, has been reading in her husband's office more or less of the time during her two or three years of married life. He consults her always on all his cases, and frequently takes her into court with him to use her woman's wit in raising points on the evidence. This has several times given him the cue by which to trip up a napping witness. The husband says his wife is a born lawyer, and declares that she shall be one before she is ten years older.

The lady of whom I think I wrote you a few months ago, who carried her own patent case through the courts in New-York and Boston so successfully, and whom I chanced to meet to-day, told me that she has fully decided to devote herself to the law and will enter the Boston Law School at the beginning of the next term. Unless some other lady takes the same notion, she will be the only representative of her sex there, for the lady who is now studying in the school graduates this spring. She has been in the school for three years, with not another lady to keep her company, but the situation has not seemed to alarm or annoy her in the least. Neither have the other students shown any apparent symptoms of annoyance or alarm, nor the professors or instructors. All parties concerned seem perfectly tranquil and happy.

ANECDOTES OF CARLYLE.

From The Manchester Examiner.

Mr. Stuart Reid saw Mr. Carlyle some years ago in Hyde Park, and, though a stranger, he could not resist a strong desire to speak to him; he ventured to ask the friend who was with Mr. Carlyle if he might do so:—

"He was told; and then he turned those earnest, searching eyes upon me, and looked at me slowly from head to foot, and back from foot to head, and said at last, in rather gruff and unpromising tones, as he ended his scrutiny, "And who are you?" For a moment I felt staggered by my own insignificance, but promptly recalling a passage of 'John Sterling,' I answered with a flash of mother wit, 'I am a black dragoon from Manchester!' That was all; but it was enough. The old man threw back his head and laughed heartily, and then motioned me to sit down by his side, and at once began to question me with unlooked for thoroughness. At the close of our conversation, he stretched out his hand kindly and said in grave and emphatic tones, 'Well, sir, I wish you well now and always; I wish you well, and that with all my heart!' And then as I turned to go, he fixed his eyes solemnly upon me and said, in tones which thrilled me through and through, "Aye, aye, and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter!"

"Once more I saw him later on, by his own gracious act, at his own house, in the dull, quaint old street in Chelsea. I was ushered into that quiet room upstairs, which his genius and his presence has now forever made sacred and historic to every lover of English literature. What chiefly passed on that occasion, as we talked through the beautiful May afternoon, cannot be told here, or indeed anywhere else; yet never shall I forget the sympathy and help so generously given there and then. Suffice it to say, Carlyle talked freely of his own early struggles and intellectual difficulties, and gave me, with kindly earnestness and utmost gentle simplicity, some weighty words of counsel and of cheer. His speech glided on from the great events of his own life to the trivial affairs of mine; from Goethe and Emerson to Manning and Moody; and everything he touched he transfigured with the light of genius. Well do I remember the scorn with which he spoke of the Romish prelate as of one who was forever 'play-actoring with the Almighty.'"

MRS. NICHOLS'S POTTERY.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

Everybody has heard more or less of Mrs. Nichols's pottery, and, while a few were conversant with the full scope of her plans, many more, knowing its projector only as a rich woman of high social position, an heiress to the Longworth millions, fancied it a pretty playhouse affair, where Limoges vases, plaques, and Grecian jars alone had place, and the owner might light the furnace fires of her kiln with a wisp of bank notes if it pleased her.

A visit yesterday to the pottery, which is now in full operation, demonstrates that it is no artistic experiment to divert a rich woman's ennui, but a business venture of the staunchest sort, entered into to supply a want which everybody confesses to exist—table ware which shall combine cheapness and utility with artistic beauty of form. To make a thing of common use at the same time a thing of beauty is the highest aim of the art decorator. In the Nichols ware this theory is put into tangible shape. There is no flourish or lavish decoration, but each piece which goes into the kiln is as perfect in shape and as exquisite in finish as the craft of the potter can make it. Every precaution that the utmost skill can suggest is used in the preparation of the clay, no expense in time or money is spared in the designing of the moulds, and the finest manipulative skill is brought to the simple decoration of each piece. The result is a variety of articles adapted to the uses of everyday life as perfect as can be produced—vessels adapted to the homeliest purposes, but as graceful in outline as the slender amphora or the rotund Hydria of the Greeks.

Among the most generally attractive pieces are the tea sets in four pieces, after the Elder Brewster pattern. These are shown in a sage green body, in the natural color of the red Ohio clay, in cream with bands of pale blue, in yellow and a creamy white. The edges are beaded, and the bodies relieved at top and base by an incised band, in the pattern known as the double key border, making a very chaste and effective decoration. These sets are finished in gloss and in smear glaze, or they may be bought in the biscuit ready for the decorator's brush or tool, and, when painted, returned to the kiln for a final firing, or they may be had in the wet clay ready for the Limoges treatment. The same is true of all pieces made in the works. They may be had in any stage, from the wet clay as it leaves the hand of the potter to the finished piece ready for the table, and every facility for firing is offered, either in under or over glaze, biscuit or printing, at the choice of the buyer. There is no obligation at all to take a set; if you covet a cream jug, take it and leave the other pieces; or, if you disapprove of the jug, take the other pieces and leave that. Mrs. Nichols's mind is not of the commercial sort that would force anybody to take a set of anything.

The line of what our English friends call "jugs," and the American cousin designates as "pitchers," is altogether admirable. Milk jugs, water jugs, beer jugs, claret jugs, chocolate jugs, and many others from a pint to a gallon capacity, copy shapes to name which is to render description superfluous. The Haviland and Doulton shapes are conspicuous among the larger ones, and the smaller copy Etruscan and Roman ideas. One style has the graceful Etruscan handle and the broad lip like a flower petal, following designs favored in the rarest Oriental porcelains. Another copies a famous Doulton shape, the "melon" body, with plain, deep band at the neck. Many show the ridgy lines of the potter's "coursing" half their depth, the upper half being quite plain, and seeming to set into the lower part as in a wicker basket. All these admirable shapes are furnished at a price scarcely in excess of what is asked for Rockingham or stone china. Bowls in many graceful shapes are another specialty. Some with a deep foot and flaring top copy shapes familiar in silver plate; others are barrel shape, zoned about with hoops of earthenware. The tubs are perhaps the prettiest of all—a beaded border finished top and bottom, the open ears serving as handles. The swell thing at the pottery, however, is a big yellow tub for the footbath, copied after a cedar tub exactly, with an earthen bucket with brass mountings en suite. Water-coolers are still other handsome novelties—deep jars holding an earthen receptacle for water. Several of these Mrs. Nichols has given a touch of decoration, in that free, broad style which marks her work.

The Cincinnati Pottery, as it has been named, is a practical pottery, complete in every detail, furnished with the latest improvements in machinery and equipped with a full corps of skilled workmen in every department; a working pottery that stands on its own merits, and proposes as its *raison d'être* to make its productions preeminent in shape, fabric and finish. The kilns are built with the greatest care, and are adapted for overglaze, underglaze, biscuit and printing. Very great attention is paid to the glazing and burning of decorative ware as a specialty of the pottery, and very gratifying results have been attained. A kiln is drawn once and sometimes twice a week, and careful experiments are in constant progress.

One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on the late Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He first forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron von Sedlitz Powders, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, no baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house, with excuses from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented from coming by the sudden death of his aunt, the Duchess von Epsom Saltz, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her friends, among whom was the facetious author.